A Hymne
TO THE
ARK IN NEWGATE,

An Tali Studeam CALAMO? *Perſius*
——*Quantum nummorum ſervat in* ARCA,
Tantum Habet & FIDEI. Lillys Grammer.

OF a ſullen Dumb *Devil* I mean to relate,
That with *Brazen-head* was lately heard prate,
Againſt the late Law (the beſt walls of the State.)
Pray remember the Ark.

Now becauſe this Ark is a pretty fine thing,
A Labyrinth lacking a directory ſtring
Call'd a clue, Melpomene ſhall you in bring,
To this moſt notable Ark.

For ſince the Parſon with ſuch ſtorie plaies,
And cozens the Siſters with thoſe holy Layes,
The ſacred nine ſiſters in zeal we muſt raiſe,
Pray, &c.

Beloved 'tis thus, i'th Latine tongue (whence
The Hebrew's made out with pregnant ſit ſenſe,
And ſaves *Smec's* ſchollars book learned expence,)
Pray, &c.

It holds forth and implies a ſpacious cheſt,
Or hugy Coffer, which you like beſt:
This Explication; the uſes now reſt.
Pray, &c.

In this a bright Idol was lately enſhrin'd,
But alas this troubles the vext *Levites* mind,
It hath choſe other Altars, He never divin'd.
Pray, &c.

The growing deſpair of increaſing his Sums,
(Twenty pieces a time for comforting Crums,)
And no guiſt beyond the conveyance of Thums.
Pray, &c.

Made the Mammoniſt think to revenge on the times,
His late diſappointment with recenter crimes,
Complexion'd to the American elimes.
Pray. &c.

When Old *Iſaac* and *Pym* were Elders and Saints,
And the publique *Faith* without the conſtraints
Of reaſon was ſwallow'd, nor was troubled with
(Faints. *Pray*, &c.

When Antiquity yielded it's ſacreder Gold,
And Veſſels of Silver to the godly Houſhold,
And conſecrate bags to the ſame uſe were told.
Pray, &c.

When inſtead of abundance of milk and of Honey,
It ſhowr'd down the White and eke yellow Money,
When *Guildhall* was *Canaan*, and *Calamy Bonny*.
Pray, &c.

Then the Ark was ſafe; for *Bell* and the *Dragon*,
Treaſon and piety jointlie did wag on,
And ſtood together like *Baal* and *Dagon*.
Pray, &c.

No Common Hall, but his preachment or ſpeech,
With a tedious three Hours meaſure of each,
That did the groans of three Kingdomes out-reach.
Pray, &c.

A Thouſand rich Candles he gulg'd to the Cauſe,
Molten gold would ſcarce have injur'd his Jawes,
And this made him Kick and Wince againſt Laws.
Pray, &c.

But he hath the luck ſtill, whoever fares worſe,
His disobedience crams his full purſe,
Like the Fox he is ſure to thrive by the curſe.
Pray, &c.

Never was Evil ſo rewarded as this,
He was hired and payed for doing amiſſe,
And then his Impriſonment moſt profit is.
Pray, &c.

And this a quaint party-Poet per pale,
To the wretched diſgrace of *Iter Boreale*,
In chequer'd ſenſe and a ſtrange Medlie Tale.
Deſcants upon the Ark.

The Gout and a Biſhop by *Wild ſimile*,
Are here coupled together (both Tyrant like be)
By head, and by ears, as by foot, and by knee.
Pray, &c.

Wild-fire and ſober Combuſtion's in's Pate,
Here Squib, there miſchievous Mortar ſhell Fate,
Jeers at a *Rabby* and *damns* the whole State.
Pray, &c.

So that this ſame Ark is *Pandora's* curſt Box, (Pox
Fil'd with Gout and with Itch, and Scotch Plague &c
To be cur'd by none but *Bedlams* rare *Locks*.
Pray remember the Ark.

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